

In All My Vast Concerns with Thee
Isaac Watts, 1719.
Jeremiah Clark, 1707.

In all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word
He knows the sense I mean.

O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet Thy dreadful fire,
In Heav'n Thy glorious throne.

Should I suppress my vital breath
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

If winged with beams of morning light
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard Thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

The beams of moon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to Thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.